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# LITTLE BOY FRANCE

BY ROY J. SNELL

ILLUSTRATED BY HAZEL FRAZEE







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MISSY DID NOT COME—BUT HE WAS TOO TIRED AND SLEEPY TO CARE.)



# LITTLE BOY FRANCE

*by*  
**ROY J. SNELL**

AUTHOR OF  
SKIMMER AND HIS THRILLING ADVENTURES  
SKIMMER THE DAUNTLESS IN THE FAR NORTH



*ILLUSTRATED BY*  
**HAZEL FRAZEE**



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NOV -9 '23

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## LITTLE BOY FRANCE

“Little Boy France.” That’s what the French soldiers had called him because his uniform, like theirs, from cap to leggings was the color of the sky where it comes down to the meadows. But you would never know they had called him that, if you had seen him that summer evening. A blouse, miles too big for him, dull drab in color and all in tatters, a pair of baggy trousers, out at the knees, a cap of light green; these had replaced his spick and span suit of horizon-blue. And of it all Little Boy hated the cap most, for it



was like the caps worn by the enemies of his country.

Yes, Little Boy was in a village which swarmed with the enemy's troops. They had come rolling down through the valley one morning; and so rapid was their march that all Little Boy and Madam Guyon, with whom he lived, could do was to creep down into the cellar away from the terrible shell-fire and let them pass.

But Little Boy was not going to stay in the village where the enemy was. No, indeed! Just as soon as it was dark he was going away; going where his horizon-blue friends were. No, it wasn't because they had taken away his horizon-blue suit and made him wear a green cap. That was bad. So, too, was their robbing him of his butter, milk, and eggs, and giving him thin soup and hard bread. But these were not the worst of all. The worst was that to-morrow they were going to take



Missy away. And Missy was Little Boy's very, very best friend. They had been pals together in Paris, and when the doctor said Little Boy must go to the hills for his health, he had insisted that Missy go along. What sport they had had, too, when his horizon-blue soldier friends were in town! What romps down the narrow streets! What long journeys over the country roads and through the woods! But now all this was to be changed. A savage-looking man had told Madam Guyon only yesterday that she must pay fifty francs if they were to keep Missy. And Madam Guyon had said, "Where in the world would they get fifty francs?"

The man had shrugged his shoulders, and said, "Voila! Then we will take Missy off and boil her down for wagon grease." Then he had gone away leaving Little Boy with chills running down his back, and with a tight feeling above his eyes and



around his throat. But Little Boy didn't cry; he just thought and thought, and at last was sure that the only thing to do was to run away with Missy.

Little Boy France was only seven, so he could not be expected to know all the difficulties to be met with in running away from one land to another in time of a great war. And, of course, Missy couldn't be supposed to tell him, for though she was very wise, she was only a dog. Yes, Missy was a dog. But she was a wonderful dog at that. She was a wolf-hound. But her last wolf ancestor had lived so long ago that she was really just a fine dog who was very kind to her friends, and very brave when it came time to defend them.

Little Boy wasn't even quite sure which way to go, but at last he took a road which lead out through the woods. Often and often he and Missy had gone racing away over this road. But that was in other days.



How changed it was now! All torn by shells and badly repaired afterward; with trees snapped off and only half-thrown out of it; with bits of tangled wire strewn everywhere, it was a very difficult road to travel. But Little Boy made it very well till he came to a place where the road suddenly stopped with a high bank stretched right across it. He opened his eyes wide with surprise at this. Perhaps the evil gnomes had been doing some mischief here. He mounted the bank slowly, followed by Missy. Once he was on top he understood. He had heard people tell of the terrible trenches where men fought till there was none left to fight. But here was none fighting. A terrible thought came to him: Perhaps all the men in the world had fought and fought and fought, till there was not one left; and he and Missy were left all alone in a great big world!



This thought frightened him. But Little Boy was very brave and meant to leave this terrible land where Missy would be boiled up into axle-grease, if there were any men left to do it. So he slid down the bank into the trench. Here he found a very crooked and teetering board-walk that bumped and creaked as he stepped upon it. Very soon he came to a trench which ran the same way the road did. Down this a little way he found another trench, but he kept straight on. At last he came to the end, and there was another high bank. The bank was too steep to climb. Then another dreadful thought came to him: Perhaps he could never get out of these trenches, and then if there were no more men in the world, he and Missy would just wander on and on till they starved to death!

Well, anyway, he must try to find a place to climb out. He had hardly gone



any distance at all when he came to where a number of bags of sand were piled up like a stair-way. With a little cry of joy he sprang upon the first bag. That little cry of joy caused him a great deal of trouble.

In the trenches you must not make the least noise, I can tell you; especially if you are trying to run away. No, he was not killed by a rifle-ball from No Man's Land. But just as he was on the top sack, two strong arms pulled him back, and an ugly face leered at him. He didn't say a word, but when the enemy-soldier set him down in the trench, he began climbing right up again. Once more he was lifted down, and once more he climbed up again. This time when he was taken down and the ugly face leered at him, he did a strange thing. He put out his hand, and seizing the long, red nose of his tormenter, he pulled it hard.



With a gaunt of pain, the soldier dropped him. Then he struck Little Boy--struck him so hard that he tumbled half-way up the sand-bag steps. Just then there was a rush of something big, silent and fierce. It was Missy.

Little Boy wasn't badly hurt, and he hurried back up the steps. This time, feeling no hands pull him down, he stumbled out into the dark, empty place that everyone knows as No Man's Land.

Little Boy no longer believed that all the men in the world had "fought themselves to death," for had not one of them dragged him back into the trenches three times, and at last struck him because he had pulled his nose? But if he hadn't seen the man, he would surely have believed when he came to No Man's Land there was not a living creature in all the world. Not a bird fluttered from its sleeping-place in the bushes; not a rabbit scurried from



its den; not a wild hog went snorting from the tangled and torn woods that hindered his foot-steps. All these had been frightened away by the terrible boom-boom and the rat-tat of battle.

No creatures live in No Man's Land. Little Boy France wandered on alone till, chilled by the sharp wind, his eyes grew heavy with sleep. Missy did not come, but he was too tired and sleepy to care. Suddenly red flares came shooting up from the enemy's trenches. These were signs of great danger, but Little Boy did not know, so he did not heed. He was in a tangled bit of brush now, and right before him lay a deep pit. Into this pit he crept to escape the wind. The flares continued. They lighted the pit and showed him the rusty barrel of a mammoth cannon which had been overturned and wrecked by shell-fire. In this cannon he would be quite out of the wind. In he crept and curled up to sleep.



He was just drifting away to the land of "Winkum, Blinkum, and Nod" when he was startled by a sound. He tried to look behind him, but in the cannon it was too dark. In another instant his heart beat loud for joy; he heard a familiar pant-pant, and knew it was Missy. She had found her master. What else had happened, being only a dog she could not tell. Creeping in close, she curled up as best she could, and soon they were both fast asleep.

Outside the flares had ceased to light the sky, but the clouds had fled and the moon was lighting No Man's Land. For many hours that night dark, ugly faces were searching the torn ground and tumbled woods of No Man's Land. They were looking for a boy and a dog.

And the moon blinking down at them seemed to frown as they came near the broken cannon, and to smile and wink as



they moved far away. And when they came very close indeed, he seemed almost to whisper:

“Missy, old dog, don’t bark! Don’t bark! For your life and the life of your young master, don’t bark!” And Missy slept soundly through it all.

After a long time the search was abandoned, and in all the broad stretches of No Man’s Land not a living creature was to be found, save Little Boy France and Missy.

Just as the dark clouds of morning were scudding away, an horizon-blue soldier, stamping his feet to keep them warm, and peeping through his look-out station, saw something move in No Man’s Land. His finger was on the trigger to fire. Once, twice, three times he took aim. Was it an angel who whispered,

“Don’t fire!”

Who can tell? He did not fire, and in another second his heart stopped beating



with fear, then raced on with joy; Little Boy France and Missy were coming through the fog.

“Hello there, little Alleman,” he whispered, as he lifted the boy down, “Where you think you’re going?”

“My name isn’t Alleman,” said the boy, “My name’s Little Boy France. I had clothes just like yours, and they took them from me over there, and they wanted to boil Missy down into axle-grease, so I ran away. We slept all night in a cannon, and now we’re hungry.”

“And you shall eat,” said the soldier leading the way, “After that, you shall have a new suit of horizon-blue, and you shall keep Missy too, for I know a kind madam who needs a boy to tend her cattle in the pasture, and a dog to draw her milk-cart.”

All that he said came true, and that very night Little Boy found himself sitting



beside a brave soldier in the home of a new foster-mother. He wore a fresh suit of horizon-blue, and beside the hearth Missy slept peacefully.

But in the war-zone homes are not for long, and we shall soon see what next happened to Little Boy France and Missy.



## LITTLE BOY MEETS THE WONDERFUL SOLDIER

Little Boy France was in school. The woman who had taken him to keep would gladly enough had him watch the cows on the unfenced hillside all day long, but the town mayor had come to her home, and told her that Little Boy, with all the other children, must go to school; that, though war was a terrible thing, it must not rob the children of France of their schooldays.

Yes, he was in school. And such a school as it was! Not a bit like any school you ever saw. Such a mysterious school. Just like a cave of robbers, or a deep, dark den where wild animals-- lions and tigers-- lived. Only it wasn't dark. All along the sides lamps blinked and glimmered down on the rows and rows of desks. Bright pictures and flags hung on the dull walls, too. Sometimes the children for-



got they were deep down under the ground in their strange dug-out schoolhouse. But when they heard a Boom-Haroom! that sounded like distant thunder, but was the enemies' shells bursting overhead, they did not forget to be glad.

One day, when they were in the midst of their lessons, a soldier opened the door without knocking. His heavy coat was buttoned back as if he had been running. His helmet was dented, and his clothing was muddy.

Saluting the teacher, he said in a very grave and dignified tone:

"I report from the General. The enemy are at Coincy. All must flee!" He saluted and went out.

Then what a scrambling into caps, coats and capes! No more school! No more study! No more work, but a wild adventure. Some were sad about it, for they had been driven from their homes before, and



remembered the long, long march and the hunger. And to some it was only the prospect of a joyous frolic.

An hour later they were going along the country road that lead toward the heart of France and away from the fearful enemy. And what a crowd they were! An old woman leading a pig, while her husband, with a bundle on his back, walked behind prodding the porker when he refused to march. A small boy carried a bantam rooster in a rusty bird-cage. A parrot, all uncaged, rode on the top of a piece of bedding, drawn by a mule. There were horses, cows, chickens, pigs, goats, men, women, children, crippled soldiers. The pigs squealed, the cows lowed for their calves, the women chattered with the parrots, the children screamed in tears or in laughter. And so they passed on into strange scenes. Now and then, they looked back on the little town which had





HE TRUDGED BESIDE HIS FOSTER-MOTHER.



been their home, where even now bricks were tumbling and walls were crashing down beneath the enemies' shells.

As for Little Boy France, he trudged beside his foster-mother. The madam had piled on her milk-cart some red and white checked blankets, into which were tied all manner of articles, and on top of these she had set a cage with a canary in it, and a basket of lunch. In the way of a horse she had only Missy, and because he was not strong enough, she had fastened a strap, like a harness, over her own shoulders, and was pulling with him, her wooden-soled shoes clattering over the hard road as they journeyed.

All day long Little Boy trudged beside the cart. Sometimes pushing, and sometimes too tired to push, he plodded on and on, till his hob-nailed shoes seemed loaded with lead and his head kept falling forward in sleep.



Now and again the great caravan, which seemed like an endless circus parade, would halt. Then there would be the bumping of wagon tongues on end-gates, the squealing of pigs and the quarreling voices of drivers, then silence. It was during one of these stops that Little Boy's foster-mother gave a cry as she looked back at her load. The canary in his cage had tumbled from the cart and was gone.

"Why didn't you watch it?" she screamed, seeming almost of a mind to slap the tired boy.

But she turned and hurried back to search for it, leaving Little Boy leaning against the cart ready to cry.

She had been gone ten minutes when an officer, with bright gold braid on his uniform, rode along, crying:

"Avant! Avant!"

That meant that they must move, but how were Missy and Little Boy to move



the heavy load? Little Boy put his thin shoulders through the strap and pulled his best, but it was no use, he could only move it a foot or two.

“Avant! Avant!” Came the words again. What should he do?

Just then a strange soldier in a uniform Little Boy had never seen before looked at Little Boy and smiled. The soldier's uniform was the color of the grass when it is dead in the winter-time. He had a kind smile, and Little Boy liked him at once. His right arm was all wound round with white bandages and carried in a sling, but pushing Little Boy aside, he slipped into the harness, and speaking to Missy, went trudging along.

The foster-mother did not come; even when they rested again she did not catch up. Seeing that Little Boy was too tired to walk further, the strange soldier lifted him gently with his left hand, and tossed



him up among the red-and-white checked blankets, where he soon fell fast asleep.

When Little Boy awoke it was dark. At first he could see nothing. He could only feel that he was no longer bumping along the road. Putting out his hand, he felt the blankets beneath him. He must still be on the cart. Little by little he began to see things. There were narrow black streaks standing straight up and down beside the cart. He put out his hand and touched one of them. They were hard and cold.

“Must be an iron fence,” he murmured, and began to be afraid. Where was the soldier? Where was Missy?

After a long time he had courage enough to call:

“Missy!”

His voice sounded very small in the dark, but at once there was a scratching on the paving-stones, and in another instant



Missy's tongue licked his hand. This made him happy.

But now he began to feel hunger. Missy must be hungry too. Where was the soldier? Would his foster-mother ever find her cart? Where could he be, anyway?

Just when he was beginning to feel unhappy again, a figure stood beside the cart. A patch of white told Little Boy that this was the soldier with the white bandage on his arm.

Without saying anything, the man lifted him off the cart, then began tossing the bundles over the iron fence. When the cart was quite empty, he lifted Little Boy back into it, and removed the harness from Missy. Then he climbed upon the fence, and lifting Little Boy high in the air sat him down on one of the bundles. He whistled to Missy. The dog whined, then climbed upon the cart. In a second he, too, was over. Then they all felt their





THIS WAS TRULY A WONDERFUL SOLDIER



way in the dark till they came to an open door. Here the soldier left Little Boy and Missy. He came back soon with one of the bundles. He brought another and another, till all were there.

He placed Little Boy on one of the bundles, then took something from another of the bundles.

"Du pain," he murmured, as he put it in Little Boy's hand.

It was bread, and Little Boy ate it eagerly.

"D' l'eau?" he murmured again.

This time it was water.

Soon Little Boy was no longer hungry. This was truly a wonderful soldier, but who was he? What kind of a soldier wore a uniform like the dead grass of winter? Little Boy could not tell.

Missy, too, had been fed and had curled up in sleep. Soon the soldier began making a bed of the checkered blankets, and



finally the two, Little Boy and the soldier, lay side by side snug and warm.

But Little Boy could not sleep. It was all so very strange! As he looked up he could see the moonlight shining through two tiny windows. They were so small he did not think he could climb out of them. What place could have such small windows? What if someone locked the door while they slept? Why was there an iron fence about the place? Why was there not a gate for them to enter?

All sorts of strange and fearful thoughts came to him. Perhaps this was a prison. Perhaps the enemy prisoners were kept here. And how he did dread the enemy, since one of them had dragged him back into the trench, back there where he had fled from, and had struck him! And perhaps it was a place where wild animals were kept! Perhaps there were more rooms and the wild animals were asleep, but would waken in the morning.



Little Boy shivered with fright. Then he thought of his companion. Who could he be? Perhaps he was a new kind of enemy, who would only be good a little while, and then be very bad indeed.

The soldier did not sleep either, and perhaps he had been thinking quite as hard as Little Boy. Anyway, he said all at once:

“Français vous n’ ce’ pas?” Which was his way of asking if Little Boy was French.

“Oui,” (Yes) answered the boy proudly, “Et vous?” (And you?)

“American.”

American! How Little Boy’s heart beat with joy. Had he not heard how brave and strong were the Americans? And were they not the friends of France? What did it matter now what place this was? He crept close to the big soldier, and was soon fast asleep.

When he awoke a little square of sunlight lay on the floor beside him. The



soldier was sitting up studying a sign card on the wall.

“Chambre d’ Jeanne d’ Arc.”

Little Boy read it and did not understand. But the soldier did understand, for he bowed his head as if in prayer.

Then he told Little Boy as best he could in his poor French that this was the chamber of the most wonderful girl that ever lived; that it was the room of Joan of Arc.

He began to tell the simple story of this peasant girl who had a vision, and went out to lead the defeated armies of her country to victory. How, through some terrible mistake, she had been killed by her own people; but how they had loved her ever since.

There was no need to tell the Little Boy. Did he not know the story all by heart? Had not there been a beautiful golden statue of her in Paris? Was there not a



humble statue before every schoolhouse in this little corner of France? Little Boy, too, bowed his head.

Then they gathered up their bundles and tip-toed out of the sacred place. They had slept in the humblest, most wonderful room in all France. And, after all, who had a better right than they: a homeless child and an American soldier wounded for France.

They found Little Boy's foster-mother waiting beside her cart. She had her canary, and soon had all her bundles back as well. Then, because he had come to love Little Boy, the soldier begged to be allowed to take him and his dog with him to Paris, where he was to have his wounds cared for.

That night, before Little Boy fell asleep on the big, deep, soft cushions of the first-class coach into which they had crept, his soldier asked him about his name, his



mother and his home. His name was Little Boy France, and for a long time he could think of no other. But by and by, he remembered that his mother had called him Pierre.

"Shut your eyes and think hard of Paris, then tell me what you see," said the patient soldier.

Little Boy closed his eyes and thought deeply.

"What do you see?" asked his friend.

"I see a beautiful lady and a fine little house."

"Who is the lady?"

"Mon mere! Oh! Monsieur, mon mere," (My mother! Oh! My mother!) he cried, clapping his hands for joy.

"And what does the house look like?"

"Oh, Monsieur! It is such a grand little house! Just like the ones we see in picture-books."



That was all he could tell. The soldier sighed. There were ten thousand little "picture-book" houses in Paris. How were they ever to find the right one?

"Close your eyes again and tell me what you see," said the soldier.

Little Boy closed his eyes again, but it was a long time before he saw anything. He was *so* sleepy! At last he said, "I see a golden angel with big, big golden wings and she's pointing; I think she's pointing toward the little picture-book house which is far, far away."

Well, that was better. There were not many golden angels in Paris. Perhaps if they could find the angel, Little Boy could lead his soldier friend to his home and his mother. Anyway, the soldier hoped so.

While he was thinking of this, Little Boy slipped down among the cushions fast asleep. And so they rode on through



the night--a boy, a dog and a wounded soldier. When they awoke they were in Paris; wonderful, beautiful Paris!



## THE PICTURE-BOOK HOUSE

Little Boy rubbed his eyes and looked about him. He was in one of the beautiful parks of Paris. For many days he had lived in Paris. His soldier friend had gone to a hospital which stood among many "picture-book" houses, all looking very much like the one Little Boy could see when he shut his eyes, but none quite like it. Little Boy had been given a place in a little home for orphans close by the hospital, and every day he and his soldier-friend went walking. He had been treated very kindly by the people in the home.



Every morning he ate his porridge from a blue bowl with a picture of Eiffel Tower bent around inside it; and every night he he slept in a clean, white cot with dozens and dozens of other little folks sleeping all about him. But little Boy hadn't been happy all the time. All the other children were really-truly orphans, and he wasn't; for did he not have a mother in this very city of Paris? If only he could find her! If he only could! A hundred times every day he shut his eyes and thought hard, but all he could see was the beautiful lady, the picture-book house, and the golden angel. They had not found the angel, so how could he find the house?

But now they were in a beautiful little park all filled with flower-beds blossoming red, pink and blue. And he had found something he was sure he had seen before. It was a fountain with the water bubbling



and bubbling all the time, making a rainbow as it shot away in a silvery spray. Without thinking he had dashed away from the soldier toward it. The soldier was talking to a comrade and did not see him go. Little Boy had hurried to the fountain and looked at it with beating heart. It seemed to him that something else was very, very near. What could it be? He closed his eyes, and the golden angel seemed almost to flap her wings. He opened them and hurried down a path. He turned to the right and hurried on again. Then he looked. He was sure he should see the golden angel pointing towards his home. And then? Oh, then, he'd go running to his home and his mother! But alas! When he looked, all he saw before him was a great pile of sand-bags. They were just such bags as he had seen in the enemy's trenches!





IT WAS A FOUNTAIN WITH THE WATER BUBBLING AND BUBBLING ALL THE TIME.



The very sight of them frightened him, for he seemed to see again the wicked-looking face of the soldier who had struck him.

With tears of fear and disappointment he turned to run back to his soldier. But where was his soldier? Suddenly he stood still, and a great fear came over him. He had lost his soldier. He was alone in a crowd in a great city. He did not know the way back to the orphans' home. Alone? No, not quite, for as he was feeling the very worst, something damp touched his hand; it was the nose of his faithful friend Missy.

All that beautiful afternoon Little Boy searched the wonderful parks of Paris for his lost soldier. He wandered among the forest trees; he hurried by many, many beautiful marble statues. He saw the boys playing hockey on stilts, and the



little folks riding on the merry-go-round, but his friend wasn't watching them.

When the sun set, and people hurried home to their dinners, Little Boy still wandered in the park with Missy by his side. He knew no place to go and eat; besides, he had no money.

At last, he curled up on a bench in a dark corner behind some bushes, and with Missy watching over him, fell asleep. But before he slept, having closed his eyes, he saw again the golden angel pointing toward the little picture-book house. Where could the angel have gone? Had she taken fright at the terrible war and spread her wings to fly away? Who could tell?

He didn't sleep long. He was awakened by a strange sound. It was like the scream of the birds of the forest, only it didn't end quickly as the scream of birds do. It screamed on and on, growing



louder and louder. Little Boy hopped down to the grass and hurried out to a path. The streets were almost dark.

Only a pale-blue light shone here and there on the corner. But there was a moon, and Little Boy thought he saw something coming down the empty street. What could it be? The scream grew louder. And now he could hear many screams. They were screaming all over the city; one here, one there and one away yonder. Missy didn't like it and told her master so by growling. But Little Boy stood there very bravely waiting. Soon a very red automobile with some men in came racing by, and from it came the awful scream, that grew less and less as it raced away in the night. What could it all mean?

Soon the screams began to grow faint and far away. Then the bright eyes of the boy caught sight of a great black bulk



lifting up into the sky. Up, up, up it went, till it seemed it would be lost in the clouds, but finally it hung there, gently swaying back and forth. Little Boy was so charmed with all these new sights and sounds that he forgot to be afraid. But now there came to his keen ears a sound which made cold chills run down his back. His knees trembled so he could hardly stand. Missy knew, too, for she growled fiercely.

“Hun - hun - hin! Huhn - huhn - hihn!” came the sound from the sky. How often in his home near the trenches he had heard that sound! How often, too, he had been hurried into a cellar because the terrible enemy was coming to bomb the people from the sky. Little Boy had never dreamed of their being here in beautiful Paris. And in the little park there was no cellar, so all he could do was to throw himself on the ground beneath a bush and



hug the grass to stop the wild beating of his heart.

All too soon there came the Boom! Haroom! Haroom! Haroom! which made the streets echo and re-echo with terrific noises. Then for a long time all was silent. At last Little Boy sat up and began looking at the stars, and wishing one of them would fall on all the wicked people who bombed women and little children.

But now came a new sound. Root-a-toot, root-a-toot, root-a-toot-a-toot-a-toot. Again he watched, and again the red wagons passed. This time there were more men, but each wore a shiny brass hat and blew a shiny brass trumpet.

There had been an air-raid on Paris. The scream from the car was a siren to warn people to get into their cellars. The dark object in the sky was a sausage balloon, which brought up men to look



for the enemy. And the "root-a-toot" men were the firemen who came back to tell the city that the enemy had gone, and they could get out of their cellars and go to bed. Little Boy was too young to understand all this, but he did feel glad when it was all over.

He was just thinking of creeping back to the bench when he heard steps on the gravel, and in just another moment he was grasping the good arm of his soldier friend who had come back once more to search for him.

Next day the soldier was sent to a wonderful rest-camp. He took Little Boy along, and here, dressed in a brand-new suit of horizon-blue, he became the pet and mascot of thousands of soldiers who wore the dead-grass colored uniforms. They took him on wonderful snow-balling trips on white-peaked mountains; on long rides over beautiful roads, and sailed him on a lake that glimmered in the moonlight.



It was one day when Little Boy and his now, one-armed, soldier had gone for a long walk in the country, that a strange and wonderful thing happened to them.

They were seated on a little hill that looked down on a lovely valley where a canal wound its silvery way through the meadows. Just at their feet was a tiny orchard, and at the edge of the orchard stood a little colony of beehives.

"See!" said the boy, pointing to the colony of bees. "There is one hive that is built like a church!"

And so it was. A regular little church with tower, wide pillared doors and all. "And look!" exclaimed the soldier. "The people are now just coming from mass!"

"Oui! Oui!" exclaimed Little Boy, speaking French and clapping his hands in his excitement. Surely, it was true the people were coming from mass, for already the white steps and even the pillars were





FROM SOMEWHERE ABOVE THERE CAME A STRANGE SOUND.



covered with dark masses of bees. "I think they are going to swarm, and perhaps we should tell the good madam who lives in the house below the orchard," said the soldier.

But the hillside was a pleasant place to rest and dream, so they still loitered there, each busy with his thoughts. The boy was having great fun in his dreams with the idea of a bee village. And the soldier was dreaming, as he had imagined many times before he lost his arm, of doing great things for his country and for liberty.

Suddenly the soldier was aroused and sprang to his feet. There was a loud zoom just above their heads and the swarm of bees went whirling away. "How stupid of me!" exclaimed the soldier. "Now the madam will not have so much honey for the soldiers of France!" In his excitement he forgot that he had lost his right arm and waved his stub aimlessly



in an effort to pick up his hat. Then he sat down limply. All those lovely visions he had been dreaming would never come true! He had been a soldier, but he had never accounted for a single enemy and now he would fight no more!

But what was this? From somewhere, far above them, there came a strange sound: "Hun! Hun! Hun!" Surely this was not made by the bees!

"Hun! Hun! Hun!" repeated the soldier. "You don't need to tell us your name. We know you're a Hun all right!" He gazed away to the clouds where a tiny object, like a dragon fly, was slowly circling. It was an enemy airplane. "One like that got my good right arm," he said to Little Boy. Then shaking his fist in the air he shouted: "Come on down and I'll fight you yet!" Little did he know what was to happen in the moments that followed.



The machine was an observation plane and contained little interest for the boy and the soldier, high in the air as it was, so they turned to find their swarm of bees that had been circling low in the sky and promising to light in some trees on the hill above them. But the swarm had thought better of the lighting and were now circling wide and high before them in the air. "We ought to make a noise to bring them down for the madam," said the soldier. "But how are we going to do it?"

He was puzzling over this when he was startled by a loud "Hun! Hun! Hun!" which seemed to be right at his ears. Looking up with a start he saw the enemy machine so close to earth that he could see the observer's head as he peered over the side.

The machine had taken a head drop from the clouds, either for the purpose of



observation or because its engine was stalled for a few seconds. But now it righted itself and went soaring gracefully off toward the valley.

But what was this! Suddenly the engine began giving out queer sounds. Hun--sput, sput, Bust! Hun! Hun! Sput, sput! And instantly the keen eyes of the soldiers saw a dark cloud about the machine, which was neither dust nor mist, but bees. The machine had run into a wandering swarm. And from the sound of the engine they were considerably hampering the work of the driver. The machine coughed more and more. It began to swerve and veer from side to side.

"Quick! It's our chance! The bees! They're going to bump! And seizing the small boy by the arm with a wrench that brought him spinning down the hill, he careened toward the probable lighting place of the wildly whirling machine. At



last the runaway headed straight down. Fifty feet from the ground the bees seemed to think better of the flight and flew away. But down, down came the machine. The observer and the pilot, how would it be with them? This question sped through the mind of the unarmed and crippled soldier. But he did not waver. If he were able to do his bit these two pirates of the air should never again drop bombs on defenseless women and children. And courage aided his speed, for just as the machine crashed to earth he tumbled upon it and was instantly grappling with the stronger of the men who was half blinded with bee stings. The pilot had been knocked senseless, but the observer fought savagely. Striking out madly, he half stunned his one armed antagonist, but undaunted, the soldier rallied and, swinging his arm about the neck of the assassin, he gripped it tight. But instantly he was



torn away. Had it not been for the plucky French lad, who gripped the right arm of his adversary for a moment and then went whirling away, the battle might have been lost; but in that second the soldier gained his grip once more, and this time it was but a matter of seconds before the observer lay unconscious beside his pilot.

Three moments sufficed to tie them securely with parts of their own rigging, and cold water brought their swollen and ugly faces to working and their eyes to leering once more. But they were fast to stay. And over them stood a stanch and determined soldier gripping a German revolver, which in a brief period of time he had learned sufficiently well to manage. And Little Boy hastened away to the village below the orchard where the soldier said he thought there was an American camp located. As the soldier waited, his heart was full of content. He had received his bit of a soldier's heaven from the sky.



Soon they came breaking up the hill, a great blanket of khaki clad soldiers, fresh from the states and eager to see the first captured enemies and the crippled soldier who had subdued them. They led them, the two, the crippled soldier and the boy, away down the hill in triumph with the captives marching on before. That evening the victors were dined at the officers' mess; guests of honor, you may be sure.

Three weeks passed, and then they were back in the beautiful city. But how changed it all was! They arrived in the morning; very early it was, but already, everywhere, were flags flying. A band was playing in the depot. The streets were crowded with people. They shouted, screamed, and blew horns till Little Boy was tempted to be frightened. No sooner were they in the crowd than a dozen stout people seized his soldier and lifted him up



high, as they marched along shouting: "American soldat! America! America! Vive le American soldat!" Fortunately someone saw Little Boy in his uniform, and lifting him, they carried him along screaming, "Vive le petit soldat! Vive le garçon!"

In wild-eyed wonder the boy watched the crowd, while Missy, hardly knowing whether to bite in anger, or bark in play, pranced about getting under everyone's feet and having a time all by himself.

When finally they were let down, they found themselves once more in the park by the river.

"What is it? Why do they do this?" Little Boy asked eagerly of his soldier.

"The war is ended," said the soldier.

"Ended?" Little Boy was silent for a moment, then a thousand questions came struggling to his lips. "Will there be no more bombs? Will there be no more



shells? Can we stay out of the cellars always? Can we have candy? Can all the soldiers go home? Can we go to school up-stairs? Will all the soldiers that only have one arm or one leg have two arms and two legs now?"

To all the questions the soldier answered quite cheerfully, "Yes, my son." But when the last question came, he looked sadly at his own empty sleeve, and said slowly, "I'm afraid not, my dear child."

For a moment Little Boy was sad too, but in a moment he was on his feet with a smile. "No more war!" It was such good news that he wanted to tell someone who did not know. His mother! Oh, if he could only find his mother on such a good day as this! He was sure she wouldn't know, and he would tell her! He would! He would!

Once more he thought of the golden angel, and, forgetting his disappointment



of the other time, he hurried toward where he thought it ought to be. But this time he dragged his soldier with him. As he came near the spot he saw a great crowd there. They were cheering and throwing sand-bags this way and that. Then all of a sudden they parted, and before the boy's astonished eyes stood his golden angel pointing, pointing toward the story-book house which was his home.

The soldier understood, and told him how kind hands had hid the golden-angel behind sand-bags to protect her from the bombs which fell from the sky, but now there was no longer need to fear.

Then Little Boy, tugging at his hand, led him the way the angel was pointing. It would be hard to tell which did the most to find the way to the picture-book house, Little Boy or Missy. It was a long, long way, but finally they stood by a door and knocked.



With wildly-thumping heart, Little Boy waited. And he did not wait in vain, for all at once he felt himself lifted by a pair of tender arms, and his cheeks were showered with tears and kisses.

“And mother,” he said at last, when he could get his breath, “there will be no more war. Is it not beautiful?”

“Yes, my child,” the beautiful lady smiled through her tears, “It is very, very wonderful.”

They feasted that day as they had never feasted before--the beautiful lady, Little Boy, the soldier and Missy. And until the boat came to carry him home, the soldier was still Little Boy's very best pal. Often and often they went to play in the garden of the golden angel.

When Little Boy is grown, and perhaps long before, he is going to visit his soldier in his home beyond the sea.







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